

THE JASPER NEWS

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JASPER, MISSOURI

British Justice.

British justice is usually regarded as both sure and swift, and much has been printed to show how much harder is the way of the transgressor in England than in the United States, and how much more certain he is to be punished. A recent communication to the London Times by Sir Ralph Littler, a veteran magistrate, puts a decidedly different aspect upon the matter. The writer, complaining of the wholly inadequate sentences which are often imposed, mentions the case of one man who boasted that he had committed the offense of house-breaking no less than 22 times. He had been in prison four times in one year, yet his longest sentence was ten months. The London police report 733 persons in the metropolitan district who are habitual criminals. In the same district, out of 512 cases of burglary, there were only 224 apprehensions, and in the cases of shop-breaking the number of arrests was less than one in four. These facts certainly do not indicate any marked superiority in the administration of justice.

Fashion's Willing Slaves.

The suggestion made by Miss Jane Addams that women ignore the dictates of fashion, much as they now ignore the dictates of men, may sound good and emancipated, but who has not in his mind a life-size picture of a normal woman walking down a shopping street doing that very thing? With marcel waves of culture pulling in one direction with all their might and the store windows tugging the other way, who would not be able to guess the answer? Women will continue to be women regardless of what they say to themselves and to one another, remarks the Chicago Daily News. Talk sounds like a section cut out of the conversation of the seven wise men, but even after some stern resolutions on the subject had been adopted the same dear girls would give much more heed to the next speaker were she flawlessly attired in fashionable gown out of whose mouth rolled words of wisdom.

Five new steamships are now building for a European company that maintains a passenger and freight service round the world. The new steamships will be 500 feet long, and will contain commodious staterooms for the accommodation of passengers during the 240 days of the trip. The route followed starts at Antwerp, thence to Singapore, China and Japan by way of the Suez canal. From Japan the steamships go to Honolulu, enter Puget sound on the Pacific coast of America, thence sail south to San Francisco, and onward through the Strait of Magellan, up the eastern coast of South America to Montevideo, and back to Antwerp, after stopping at some British ports. The company has been running ships on this route for two years so successfully that it feels warranted in putting the five new ships in the service. For those who have the time, a round-trip voyage would afford an admirable way of seeing the world, or a large part of the water on it.

One by one the joys of living are being taken away from flat dwellers. Children were long ago barred from the more select of these modern substitutes for the home. Then such pets as dogs and cats were forbidden. In Paris pianos are not allowed and certain landlords in this country lay the ban on phonographs. Now comes the Landlords' association of Des Moines, Ia., and requires tenants of flats to sign leases containing a provision that the cooking of cabbage or onions, regardless of quantity, constitutes a forfeiture of the lease. As a matter of course every tenant, as soon as the document is signed, begins to hunger for the forbidden food and to regard the prohibition as an outrage. "In a general way such a rule is well enough," they admit, "but the idea of enforcing it on us!"

That was a considerate New Jersey burglar who, after robbing a child's bank, left a note of apology saying that he had never robbed a child before and would not do it now except that he needed the money; adding that if he ever had \$1.27 that he could spare he would return it. Will or will not lovers of children in that region hope that the burglary business may be good in order that the debt may be paid?



"SANTA CLAUS WAS GREETED WITH SHRIEKS AND GROANS"

"TRIED TO SPREAD A BETTER FEELING"



AS WHITE men push out, year by year, into the remotest corners of the earth, they carry Christmas with them as a gift to the savages with whom they come in contact. The American troops have done this in the past two or three years in some of the hitherto untraveled islands of the Philippines, where the Spaniards had never dared to venture.

experiences which fall to the lot of these adventurers when they first play Santa Claus to a barbarian race that has never heard the glad old story of Yule.

The Eskimos' Real Santa Claus.

Sheldon Jackson, an official employed by the United States bureau of education to work in the wilds of Alaska, carried Christmas to the Eskimo children there in 1894. He gave a deeply interesting account of how he did it in a report to the bureau.

"For several days immediately preceding Christmas," he said, "I took occasion to tell the scholars how it was observed by the whites, and explained some features about the day as my limited knowledge of the language would admit of; so that, by the close of school the day before, they pretty well knew why it was observed."

"I told the children about Santa Claus, and for them to tie their fur stockings up near their beds, as he was coming to visit them for the first time, and would remember every child."

I made up a lot of little bags out of empty flour sacks, and into each one put eight cubes of white sugar, about a dozen pieces of dried apples and a dozen raisins—not a very appropriate assortment for a Christmas present for a white child, but it was the best we had, and I found out afterward that the selection was very much appreciated by the little Eskimo.

"Although our supplies were very limited, I concluded to take enough from such as we had and give each family the same assortment. It was made up of a tin can filled with flour, eight navy biscuits, one pint of rice, one-half pound of sugar and one-third pound of tea. There are ten houses in the village, and about 100 persons all told. The supplies above enumerated were made up into ten packages."

"I had the herders harness one of the deer teams to a sled, and at 12 o'clock started with four natives for the village, a half mile west of the station."

"When we reached the first house, I took a flashlight view of the deer standing by the little skin window through which a faint gleam of light was thrown from the oil lamp burning below."

"It occurred to me that perhaps this was the first time in the history of civilization that a live Santa Claus made his midnight visit upon an errand of mercy with a team of reindeer, and that the Eskimo were the first to actually experience what

throughout Christendom is only a myth.

"It became necessary to dig away the frost from one corner of the window in order to get the packages through, and in nearly every instance the operation alarmed those below, when a package was immediately dropped down and they became quiet."

"The night was a glorious one, cold and crisp, with the stars shining in lustrous splendor from the pale blue canopy above, and not a breath of air was stirring."

zoned floods of wavy light surged and swept from east to west, sending up further into the heavens streams of vapory light, dancing up and down in graceful shadows that easily led me to imagine that they were caused by invisible spirits.

"For a time I forgot the subject of my visit and lay watching the play of the aurora as it shot forward and backward, and when I finally came to myself I looked around and found the natives lost in deep and silent awe at the spectacle."

"The hour I spent in this service was one of supreme delight to me, especially so as the little handful of food I distributed made the bright eyes of a hundred people glisten with happiness and supplied as many stomachs with a feast they enjoyed before they again closed their eyes in sleep."

"It will take too much space to record all the times I gathered as I peered through their little skin windows and saw them dancing around in great glee, old and young, and expressing their thankfulness for the many good things received, the like of which they had never before eaten."

Where Santa Claus Caused Terror.

Mrs. Bertha Stover, the wife of a missionary stationed at Ballundu, Africa, tells an amusing story of how Santa Claus terrified the black children at her mission station, where he first appeared to them a year or two ago.

"They had celebrated Christmas at Ballundu before, but they never had Santa Claus, so Mr. Stover dressed himself up as the benevolent saint."

"He had been padded and powdered and packed until his own mother would not have known him," said Mrs. Stover. "Presently we gave the signal and the door flew open and in walked Santa Claus. But dear me, what consternation!"

"He was greeted with shrieks and groans and cries of:

"Let me out!"

"It is the evil one!"

"It is the day of judgment!"

"The small fry, catching the infection of terror from the elder black people, fled to the bedrooms, fell down upon their faces, crept under chairs and tables—anywhere to hide themselves."

"Poor Santa Claus never had such a greeting before. As soon as he realized the panic he had caused, he tore off his tall hat and white cotton beard, and from the bags on his back began to throw gifts right and left, and to tell who he was."

"Reassured once more, they were soon all laughing and chatting, munch-

ing the great 'red breads' (doughnuts), tasting their fruits or nibbling at the sweets in the familiar little bags."

"One man wondered which end up he was to hold the fork Santa Claus had given him. Another immediately tried on his new shirt. The girls arranged their bright-hued handkerchiefs into nobby turbans, while others tried to find some place about their scanty clothing where they could stow away the bunch of bread, paper of needles and cake of soap given to them."

"Each one tried to talk louder than his neighbor, so they examined the costume of good old Santa Claus, who had frightened them almost to death. One man said he thought Elijah had returned, another that it was John the Baptist. Yet another thought it was Satan himself, 'and all my sins rose up before me,' while a fourth confessed: 'My only thought was to hide myself.'"

A Christmas Feast That Nearly Caused Bloodshed.

Rev. Frank Paton, son of the famous South Sea missionary, John G. Paton, tells of a thrilling Christmas which he spent in 1899 at Lenakel, on the island of Tanna, in the South Pacific.

He had a mission station there, and his native converts were no strangers to Christmas observance; but they invited a large number of their heathen friends to come to their Yuletide feast. These heathens knew nothing about Christmas, and were quite unaware that it is supposed to be a period of "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Over 1,000 natives were gathered for the great feast. The crew of a "blackbirding schooner," eager to get Kanaka labor by fair means or foul for the Queensland sugar plantations, heard of the gathering and dropped anchor off the island on Christmas morning. The captain, however, seeing the number of natives, hesitated to molest them.

Telling the story, Mr. Paton said: "My first anxiety was the labor schooner, but soon a new peril threatened. Some of the heathens had not met since war had raged between them. At first they simply glared at each other, and then old hatreds broke out and hot words were spoken."

"Again and again I started some contest that would scatter the excited groups, but they soon came together again. Then I went from group to group and tried to spread a better feeling. Our Christmas gathering was nearly turned into a scene of bloodshed in our very garden, but fortunately all passed off most happily."

Among the Head Hunters of Formosa.

Through the center of the beautiful island of Formosa there runs, like a backbone, a great range of forest-clad mountains. The original inhabitants of Formosa, a wild, savage, ferocious race of men, live upon these mountains. Christmas was first carried to these people by a brave missionary named George Leslie Mackay.

Mackay had spent several years on the coast and in the interior, but he hesitated long before he took his life in his hand by seeking out the bar-

barians of the mountains, to whom no white man had ever ventured.

The favorite pastime of these savages was to cut off the heads of their enemies and decorate their huts with them. They had been indulging in this sport when Mackay drifted into one of their villages and spent Christmas day with one of their chiefs.

"The chief's home consisted of one large room 30 feet long," said Mackay. "A fire blazed at either end. The men, dressed in coarse linen sacks with holes cut for the arms, and a broad belt of braided rattan, in which was stuck a long, crooked, sharp-pointed knife, stood around one fire; while the women, with much the same dress, save that in addition they had many rings of brass around their arms and limbs, and innumerable ornaments on their bodies, squatted around the other fire."

"So, on that Christmas night, I sat there with these rude people, the room lighted by the fires and by candles made from the heart of the fir tree. The men smoked their bamboo pipes, while the women were busy threadmaking on curious little machines of their own; and all, men and women, were laughing and talking merrily and making a great noise. It was certainly a merry Christmas, and a strange one to me."

"After a time, with the help of the native converts, who had accompanied me on this dangerous trip, I sang some Christmas hymns to these savage mountaineers, who had never seen a white man before; and I spent Christmas evening trying to explain to them the 'old, old story' that has been told so often in so many lands since the first Christmas morning."

The savages took great pleasure in the singing of the Christmas hymns, and Mackay and his friends came to no harm by their bold expedition.

In the Hospital at Beirut.

One of the most beneficent institutions at Beirut, in northern Syria, where American warships have had to do police duty so frequently, is a great hospital founded long ago by the Knights of St. John, and now supported by a German society.

The American medical missionaries connected with the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut minister to the patients who come to the hospital for treatment, and every year they get up a Christmas celebration which is the first that many of these patients have seen.

"Among the guests of many nationalities," said an American, describing a Christmas party he witnessed at this hospital, "there sits an old man with a long white beard, a turban on his head, a girdle about his loins and a loose, flowing robe. He is a Mohammedan. A month ago, if an American doctor had gone to his house this man would have driven him away for an infidel dog. Now, as Dr. George Post passes by, this man seizes his hand and kisses it. Why is this? The dog of a doctor gave him the use of his eyes. He came to the hospital blind; this Christmas day his sight is fully restored."

"Next to him is a woman with a long white veil over her face. She has a little babe in her arms, but the hands are gone. She is a Druse woman. In her home in the mountains she was warming her hands over the fire when some earth and stones fell from the roof, fastening her hands in the fire. They were burned to a crisp. Her husband divorced her, because with no hands she could do no work for him. But she and her little babe found a refuge at the hospital, and today she sits before the Christmas fire and hears the story of Christmas for the first time."

"On the other side is a man with a long beard and a green turban. He came from Lebanon. He is the guardian of the sacred tomb of Macpelah, where lie buried the bones of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah. If you went to Hebron the boys would stone you if you attempted to go near Macpelah. This man was blind when he came to the hospital; now he sees. He would have spat upon the doctor had the latter gone to him a month before."

"Over there is a Bedouin from Palmyra. He was shot in a quarrel and the ignorant native doctor put rags in the wound. The poor man grew thin and seemed near death. They brought him from Palmyra to Damascus, four days' journey; then three days' journey more to Beirut. It was a ghastly wound, but the hospital doctor was able to heal it. Now this wild Bedouin sits calmly and looks at the Christmas tree and learns what it means. Once his hand was against every man; now he quietly listens to the message of 'peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

"There are many more, from Jerusalem, from Baghdad, from the Euphrates and the Tigris, from villages in Lebanon, Palestine, Cyprus and Asia Minor. Each receives a present, perhaps their first Christmas gift—a garment or book or toy—and all receive gingerbread, candy, oranges and other good things."

"No happier Yuletide festival is celebrated in any land than that in Beirut at the hospital of the Knights of St. John."